

ROWENA RIDES THE RUMBLE

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by ETHEL HUEBNER



SECOND INSTALLMENT

Rackruff Motors hire Rowena to accompany Peter on a nation-wide tour in their roadster as an advertising stunt. At the last minute Little Bobby is engaged to act as chaperon. They are waiting for Bobby to show up to make the start.

Peter himself shows up to good advantage.

Now Go On With the Story

From ten until eleven o'clock the photographers snapped and the reporters took notes. First Rowena sat at the wheel, then Peter, then the two together, each bravely trying to conceal the worm of fear that gnawed at the core of his being—fear that the chaperon had changed her mind and would not come. Eleven o'clock—eleven thirty. The reporters were getting restive. Mr. Rack had his watch in his hand and Mr. Ruff was talking business off at one side of the room.

A taxicab pulled up at the side entrance and a little brown mouse of a girl slipped out and crept timidly in through the rear door and slipped up to the cashier's cage. She had to stand on tiptoe to be seen from within. "Where will I find Miss Rostand?" she asked and her voice was a rippling lo whispser.

"What name, please? Are you from one of the papers?" asked the cashier briskly.

"No, I'm Miss Lowell—Roberta Lowell. I—I am the chaperon for the motor tour," explained the little brown mouse with a roll of brown eyes and a display of deep dimples.

"Oh, Mr. Rack," called the cashier, "here's the chaperon."

The little brown mouse looked ready to sink into the floor in shy confusion as the tide of photographers, reporters, automobile executives and salesmen—and Rowena and Peter, you may be sure—surged swiftly toward her.

"The chaperon?" echoed Mr. Ruff. She had told Rowena she was twenty-three years old, but standing timidly as she did at barely five feet two, with little brown curls framing her dimpled brown face, she did not at first glance bear testimony to such weight of years. Her small hands fluttered nervously with gloves and chain. Her big brown eyes gazed out appealingly at the crowd that surged her way.

"Are—are you Roberta Lowell," gasped Rowena.

"No wonder they call you Bobby," said Peter.

Rowena rallied first. "Never mind, never mind!" she announced with a quick assumption of severity. "This is Bobby, and I'm the chaperon."

A few minutes later, the Rackruff roadster swept into Broadway and turned south, and the cheers of the assembled witnesses rattled the plate-glass windows of the show-rooms.

"You were right, Peter," confessed Rowena kindly, when they slowed for the first traffic light. "We should certainly have looked her over."

They were rolling steadily along the Jersey side of the river then Rowena and Peter had their first argument. Rowena considered the ideal plan for them to tear along at a high rate of speed, stopping for nothing until they reached the Rocky Mountains.

And Peter didn't agree with her. Peter's idea was to drive along at a fair speed. He said that if they tore furiously along over roads, good and bad, through boiling heat and chilling rain, they would reach a point of interest, tired, cross and worn out, hence unable to turn out the high-class work that Rackruff had a right to expect.

Rowena said that for her part she always worked best under pressure, that something in her responded strongly to hard driving, and that she enjoyed working when she was breathless, almost panting with haste. Peter, in that annoyingly gentle, almost disinterestedly lazy voice of his, said he didn't; said he couldn't work at all unless he had a breathful of fresh air in his lungs and quiet comfort in his heart.

"And of course," said Rowena cuttingly, "we will do it your way. Naturally you think good pictures are the most important part of the whole business."

"Of course," said Peter imply.

Rowena was speechless with rage. She was glad she had always hated artists anyhow, it made hating Peter now so much more natural. He was telling himself that he was very glad Rowena was pretty. It would be pleasant painting her. He didn't care in the least about her disposition. This was a business trip.

It just goes to show the sort that Peter was that he never even suspected that Rowena was furious.

A sudden gulping sob close at hand startled him from his comfortable reverie. He looked sharply at Rowena, who sat rigidly erect and stony-faced beside him, blue eyes glittering ice cold.

"Are—are you crying?" he asked doubtfully.

"Me?—Most certainly not! I hope you don't think for a minute you could make me cry!" ejaculated Rowena.

Peter listened. It came again, low and unmistakable, the gulping sob of a weeping woman. They looked back over their shoulders. The little brown chaperon was slumped deep in the rumble seat, her head bowed low, small shoulders rising and falling with great sobs. Peter pulled to the side of the road and stopped the car, and both he and Rowena leaned back through the window.

"Why, what's the matter, darling?" asked Rowena solicitously. "Don't you

feel well?"

The small brown head shook vigorously from side to side.

"I'm lonesome," confessed a sad small voice. "C-Carter—didn't come to see me off."

"C-Carter?" asked Rowena and Peter in chorus.

"We're engaged. I thought surely he would come to see me off, and he didn't. I wish I hadn't come. I feel very badly. Maybe I'd better go back."

Stricken each with sudden fear that the chaperon might fail them—and they no farther west than Hudson River—Rowena and Peter got hurriedly out and ran back to her, standing on either side while Rowena tenderly wiped the tear-stained face with a wisp of handkerchief and Peter patted both small brown hands with great vigor.

"I wrote him a very formal note," Bobby went on, "and said good-by, and told him he wouldn't need to bother taking me out places any more and sending me presents and flowers, for I was going on a long motor trip with some dear friends and would be gone a long time, and starting on Monday morning at ten o'clock from the Rackruff salesroom on Broadway, and of course I thought he would be there to see me off, and he wasn't."

Grief quite overcame her, and she would have slid clear off the rumble seat into the bottom of the car if Peter hadn't caught her firmly and drawn her back.

"Don't you care, darling," said Rowena. "Men are all like that. They aren't worth crying about."

"You mustn't feel like that," said Peter gently. "He was probably so ashamed he couldn't bear to face you. That's the way I am. The more ashamed I feel the more—the more—"

"The more away you stay, I suppose," said Rowena coldly.

"Exactly," assented Peter.

"But he knows how dangerous motor trips are," sobbed Bobby. "He knows I'm likely to be killed any minute, or at least maimed for life."

"All alike," repeated Rowena grimly.

"That's probably why he didn't come," said Peter comfortingly. "He realized that at thought of you going away into such terrible danger he would lose his self-control and break down before all those people. And then think how he'd feel."

Bobby thought of it. "But Carter's not like that," she said. "I don't believe he'd break down. He's not at all the breaking-down kind of man. He's got red hair—"

"Well, he might pretend he broke down," insisted Peter.

"All pretense, every one of them," declared Rowena sweepingly.

"It's terribly lonesome, going off on such a long trip without having Carter there to be ashamed of himself and feel sorry," said Bobby.

"I tell you what, darling," suggested Rowena brightly. "You come around here and sit with Peter and let him cheer you up. He's very good company. It's too lonesome for you back there alone."

"But you said I had to sit in the rumble seat!"

"Well, I've changed my mind. You see, I thought then that Peter and I would want to talk business and discuss our plans and I never dreamed that every time I made a suggestion it would just lead to bitter argument."

"Why, I didn't argue with you," protested Peter.

"I'd much rather sit in the rumble seat where I can think my thoughts in peace and not have my most innocent ideas contradicted before they are out of my mouth," continued Rowena.

"Why, I wasn't contradicting you," protested Peter.

But Rowena insisted, so Peter helped Bobby gently out of the rumble seat and was just turning to give Rowena a hand when he saw that she was already in, sitting very erect, chin high and eyes extremely blue. So he got in behind the wheel and they started off again.

Rowena settled back in the rumble seat with a malicious little grin. After listening to Bobby's chatter about Carter for an hour, she leaned forward.

"Do you mind if I close this window?" she asked sweetly. "I'm trying to think out the plot to a story and I must have perfect silence to decide whether I want to have Bobby Carter commit the murder or be committed."

She seemed to take a morbid pleasure in providing comfort for her privacy and often smiled to herself in complacency and not unmalicious satisfaction when she heard the steady soft roll of Bobby's voice regaling Peter with vivid accounts about Carter and their last quarrel which caused her to apply for the trip.

Peter was in possession of a complete biography of Carter long before they reached Buffalo, where they were to pay their first official visit to the Rackruff salesrooms, and where he was to make his first picture of the roadster and Rowena.

For all the seclusion of the rumble seat, Rowena was able to break in on Bobby's love-affair long enough to voice her disagreement with Peter's plans when she wanted to, which was pretty often. It went without saying that they did not agree about the financial management of the trip. Rackruff Motors, Inc., had agreed to pay all expenses for the car en route, and had allowed Peter and Rowena a joint salary of one hundred dollars a week—an expense allowance, it was really.

Peter's idea of the way to carry on was obviously the simplest and most

natural. He said he would pay expenses for both of them and then divide equally with Rowena whatever was left of the hundred dollars at the end of each week.

Rowena said it wouldn't do.

In the end, Peter agreed to divide each week's allowance with her immediately upon its receipt every Monday morning, each thereafter paying his own bills, bearing his own responsibility, and saving what he could from the amount.

Even before they reached Buffalo he realized it would have been money in his pocket to have stuck to his original idea. Certainly it was no great drain on the expense account buying food for Rowena. While motoring in the fresh air made both him and Bobby ravenously hungry, so that they wished to eat often, fully and expensively, it seemed to have no effect whatever upon Rowena, who ate so rarely and so little that Bobby accused her of trying to reduce.

"Well," smiled Peter good-naturedly, "if you carry on like this for the next three months you will get each off your share of the expense account."

(Continued Next Week)

SEES BOOM FOR HOUSES OF LOGS

Extension Forester Comments On Return To Homes Of Beautiful Native Logs.

(By R. W. Graeber)

When our pioneer forebears built their homes, churches, and schools with large oak and chestnut logs they were forced to do so by necessity. They were building with the material at hand, and building for sturdiness and permanence. But today we find a growing demand for log houses for other reasons. With a little touch of modern architecture the logs house is beautiful, in its proper setting. It gives a touch of the antique. Log houses are serviceable, cool in summer and warm in winter.

Between the pioneer days and the present time many log buildings of a cheaper nature have been used on the farms. But during the last five years we have observed many new and modern homes being built, in which logs of 6 to 9 inch diameter have been used for the outer walls and in some cases the partitions as well. These homes built of log are satisfying the demand of people for something sturdy, and comfortable, with a pleasing, restful, homey atmosphere. Go in almost any direction throughout the Piedmont section of the State and you will see these log homes gracing the landscape. I have recently observed new homes of this type in Caldwell, Forsyth, Guilford, Nash, Stanly, Rockingham and several other counties. Many of these are modern in every respect, equipped with all conveniences necessary in a comfortable home.

These modern log houses are not confined to one class of citizens. Log homes of interest are owned by W. H. Matthews, realtor, near Greensboro; I. T. Valentine, lawyer near Spring Hope; a cotton manufacturer in the town of Rosemary; while many others are owned by farmers, who are living out away from the smoke and heat of the city.

Modern log construction is rapidly being adopted in the building of club houses, service stations and camps. At the Penn Farm, near Reidsville, we find a large number of farm buildings of the rustic log type.

Pooled pine logs have been used in the majority of the above class of buildings. The second growth Shortleaf pine of the Piedmont section is especially adapted for log construction where smooth logs of uniform size and little tapers are required. In the period just ahead farmers should find a market for a considerable quantity of choice poles for this type of work. For house construction logs ranging from 6 to 9 inches diameter are preferable, while for the building of garages and other small buildings poles as small as 4 to 5 inches may be used.

The interest in modern log buildings has been so widespread that the United States Department of Agriculture

BOY HAS BONES BROKEN 52 TIMES

Ballaire, Ohio—"I'm getting the breaks out but not the right kind," says Smiling Billy Neuhart, 14, the most cheerful bonebreaker in existence, with 52 fractures in his record. He has been breaking one bone after another since he was a baby.

This brave youngster has quit taking anesthetic and just grits his teeth when his broken bones are set "because it costs too much to go to the hospital." He came into national prominence two years ago when his 30th bone was broken and the Newspaper Enterprise Association Service sent out to its clients all over the country a little story about Billy.

That story brought 50,000 letters and postcards, including a treasured letter from John Coolidge, son of the former president.

Trouble seems to just keep on troubling Billy.

Two months ago he bumped into a table. Presto! Broken leg. Then another was crushed as Billy was carried home from school.

And now Billy faces another bad break. He may be forced to give up his education because his big sister, who in the past has carried him to his fifth grade classes enters high school next fall.

Physicians are at a loss to determine the reason for Billy's brittleness, except that they know his bones do not have sufficient lime.

"I've quit taking anything when I get 'em set," Billy informed his visitor. "Takes too much money to go to the hospital for ether. I have cost dad

and mother plenty of money as it is. So I just grit my teeth and tell 'em to go to it."

JEWISH EMBLEM

Just as the oak, from which came the navy that made Britain mistress of the seas, became the national tree of England, so did the beautiful lofty palm, which gave oil, timber and dates to its people, become the national tree of what we like to call the Holy land,

Judah Maccabeus had it engraved on his coins as a symbol of Jewish valorous. Vaspasian, the Roman emperor under whom the Jews were finally defeated, engraved it on his coinage as a token that he had vanquished Judea. The palm tree was well understood to represent the Jewish people in ancient days, as indeed, it does in a sense today.—Montreal Star.

—If the lamb kept up with Mary this day and time it would have to walk in its sleep.

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